

FIG. 1

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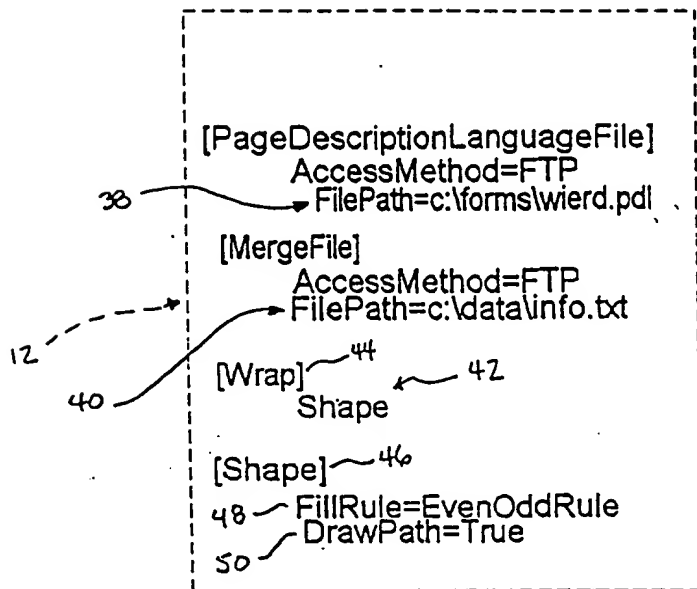


FIG. 2

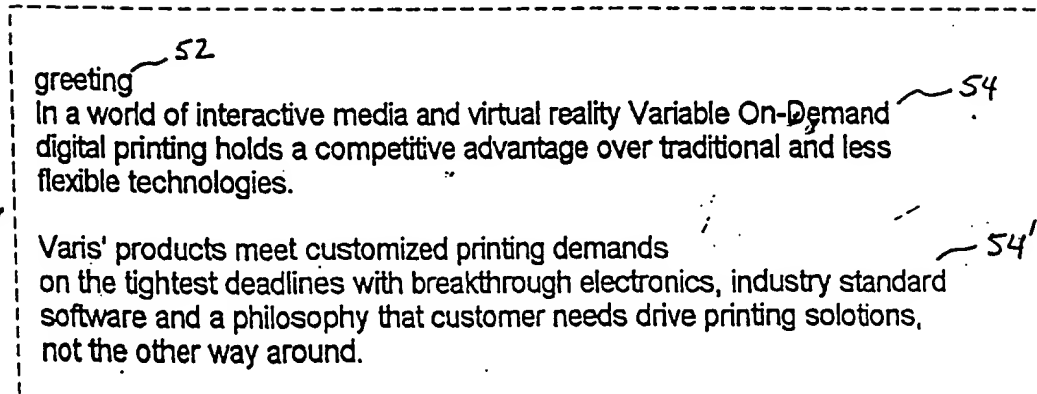


FIG. 3



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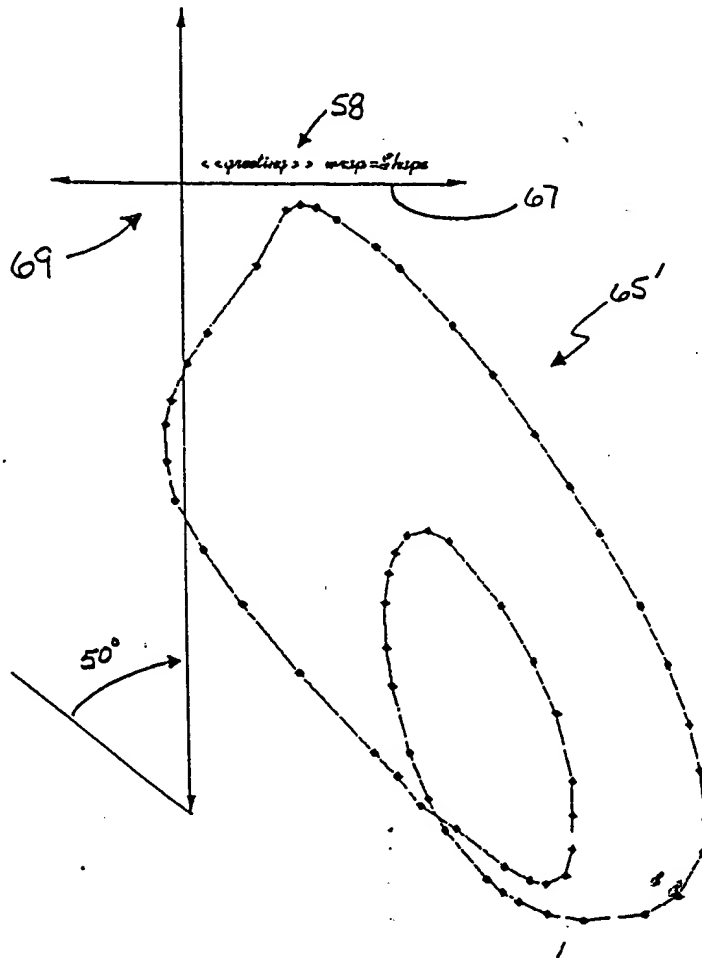


FIG. 6

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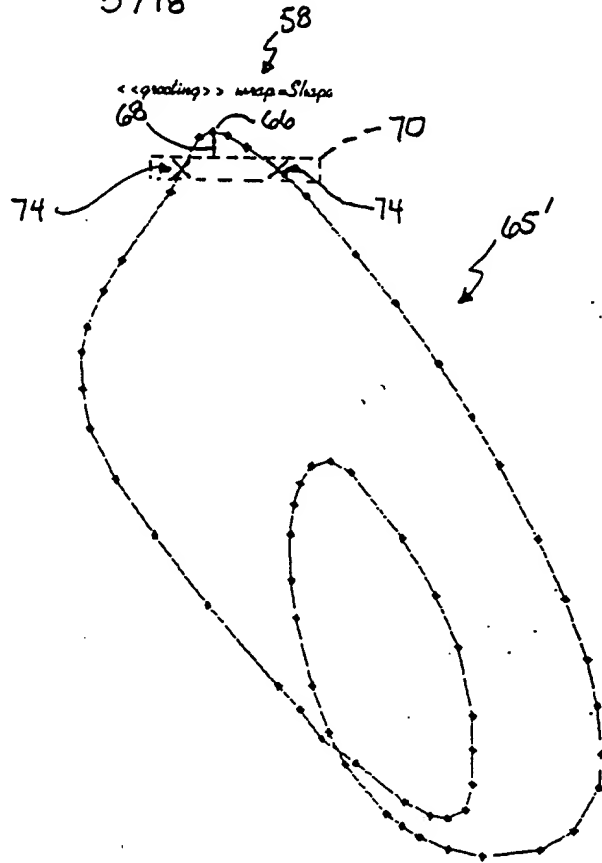


FIG. 7.

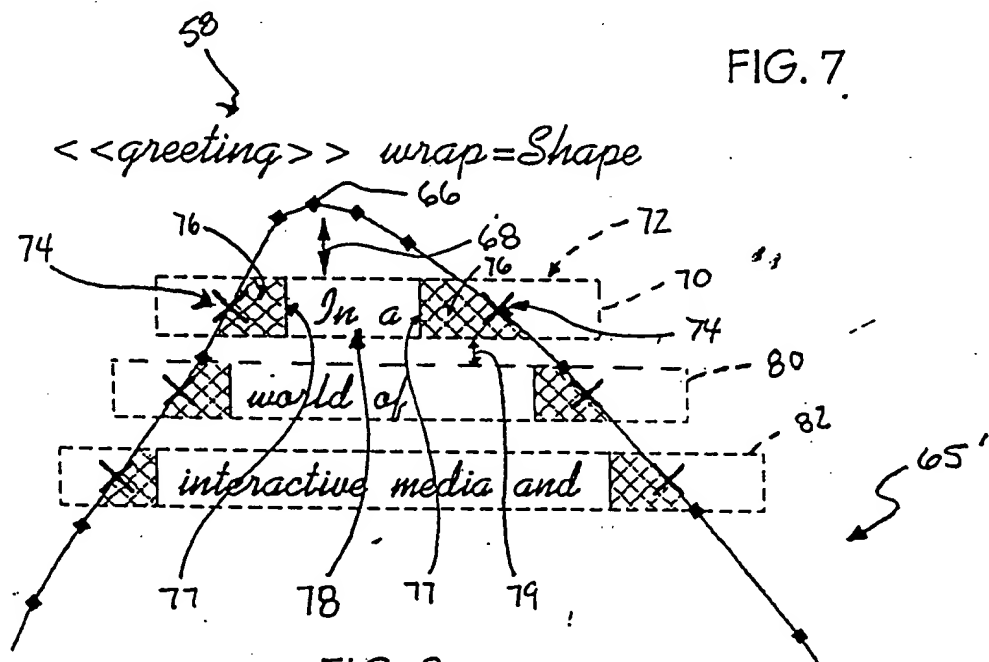


FIG. 8

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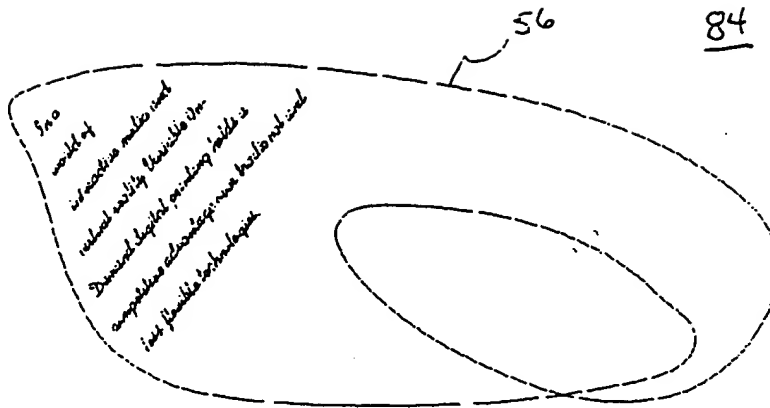


FIG. 9

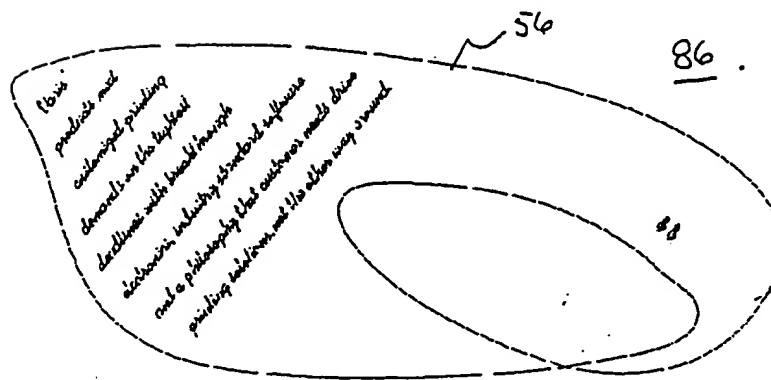


FIG. 10

65507 6763650

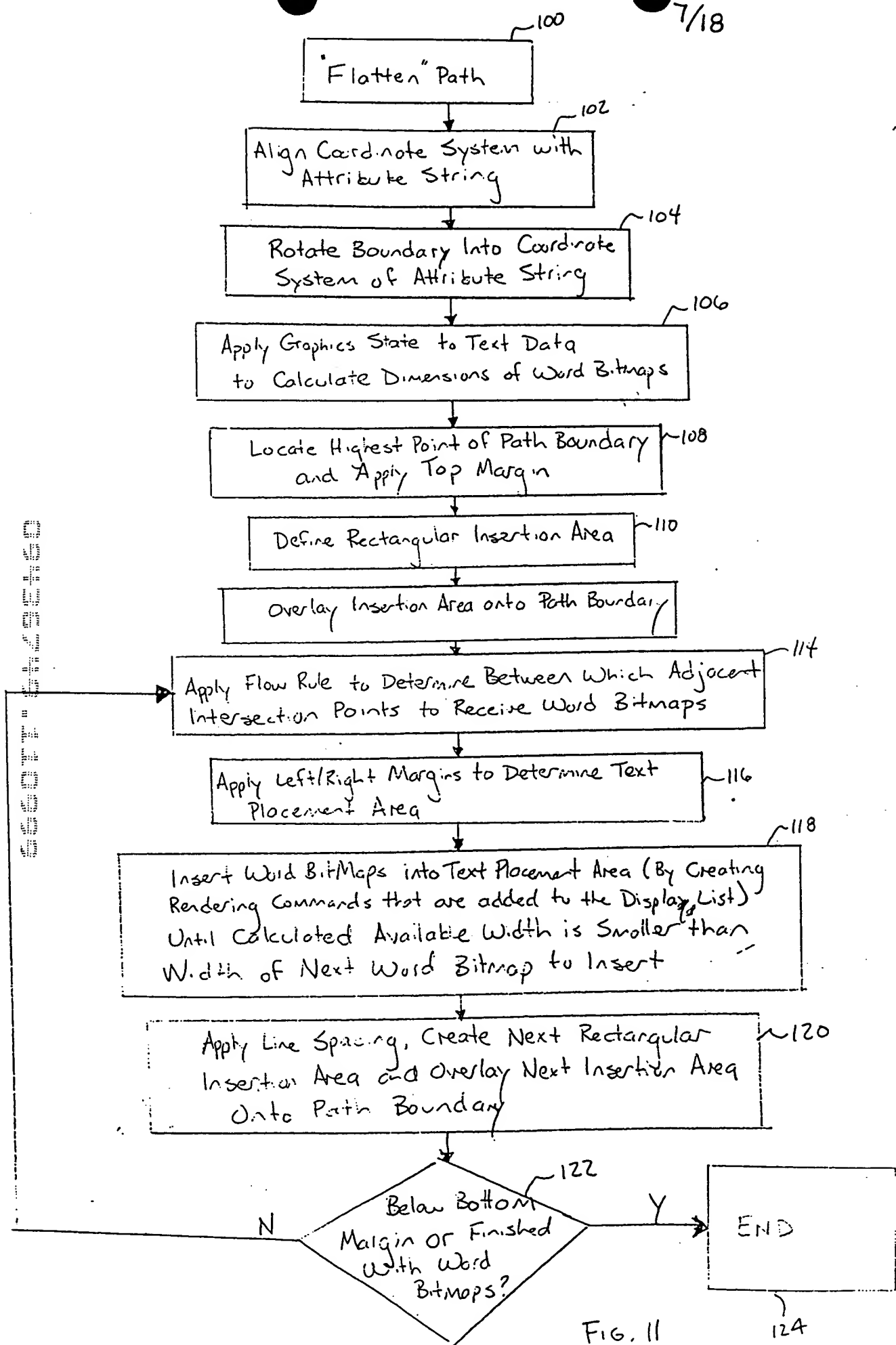


FIG. 11

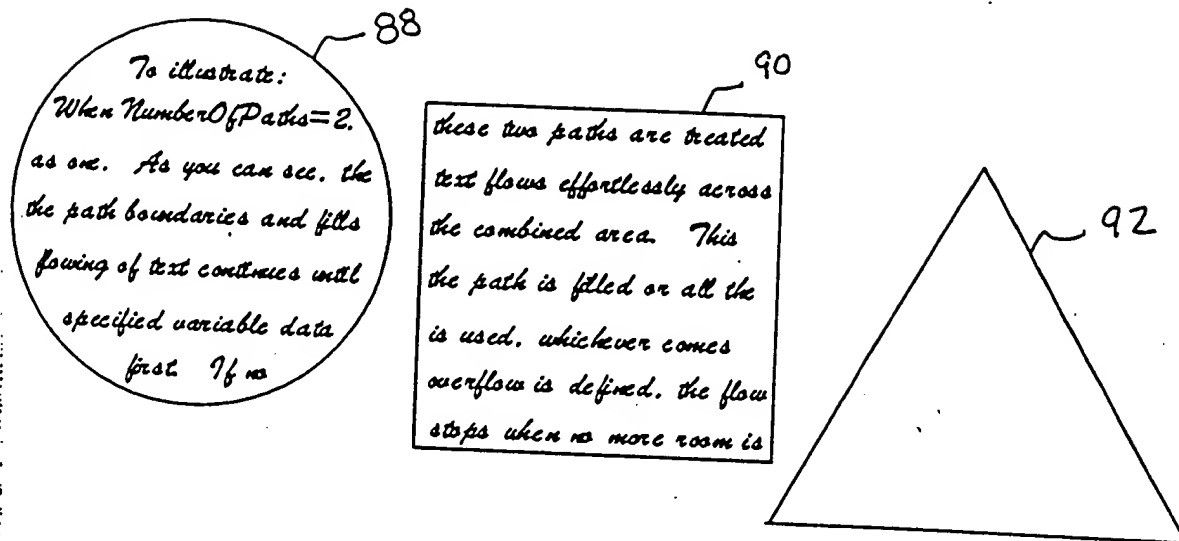


FIG. 12

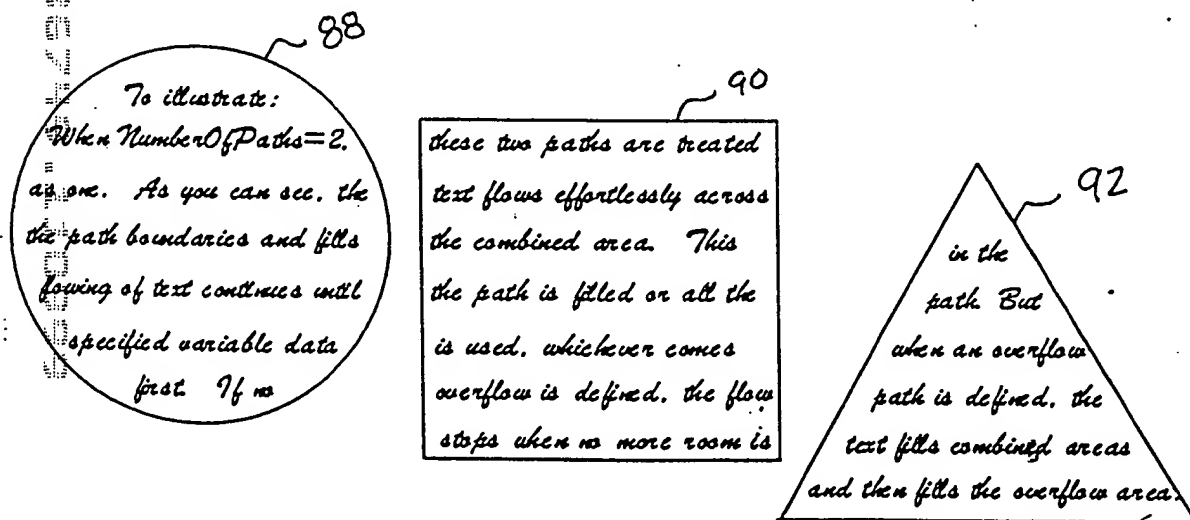


FIG. 13

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[MergeFiles] ← 149
names
rikkitxt

[names] ← 146
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FieldDelimiter = '|'
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DoGlobalSubstitution = False
DoDemoSubstitution = True
AtEndOfFile = Restart

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PageBreakDelimiter = ~
ParagraphDelimiter = @
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Teddy's = <<name1p>>
Teddy = <<name1>>

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[path] ← 138
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[DataField]
pic1 = A

FIG. 14

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171 { Rikki-Tikki-Tavi
 @~154
 #~156a
 @~154
 At the hole where he went in @~154
 Red-Eye called to Wrinkle-Skin. @~154
 Hear what little Red-Eye saith: @~154
 "Nag, come up and dance with death!" @~154
 @~154
 Eye to eye and head to head, @~154
 (Keep the measure, Nag.) @~154
 173 { This shall end when one is dead; @~154
 (At thy pleasure, Nag.) @~154
 Turn for turn and twist for twist-- @~154
 (Run and hide thee, Nag.) @~154
 Hah! The hooded Death has missed! @~154
 (Woe betide thee, Nag!) @~154
 @~154
 #~156b
 @~154
 This is the story of the great war that Rikki-tikki-tavi fought
 single-handed, through the bath-rooms of the big bungalow in
 Segowlee cantonment. Darzee, the Tailorbird, helped him, and
 Chuchundra, the musk-rat, who never comes out into the middle of
 the floor, but always creeps round by the wall, gave him advice,
 but Rikki-tikki did the real fighting.
 @~154
 He was a mongoose, rather like a little cat in his fur and his
 tail, but quite like a weasel in his head and his habits. His
 eyes and the end of his restless nose were pink. He could scratch
 himself anywhere he pleased with any leg, front or back, that he
 chose to use. He could fluff up his tail till it looked like a
 bottle brush, and his war cry as he scuttled through the long
 grass was: "Rikk-tikk-tikki-tikki-tchk!"
 @~154
 One day, a high summer flood washed him out of the burrow
 where he lived with his father and mother, and carried him,
 kicking and clucking, down a roadside ditch. He found a little
 wisp of grass floating there, and clung to it till he lost his
 senses. When he revived, he was lying in the hot sun on the
 middle of a garden path, very dragged indeed, and a small boy was
 saying, "Here's a dead mongoose. Let's have a funeral."
 @~154
 "No," said his mother, "let's take him in and dry him.
 Perhaps he isn't really dead."
 @~154
 They took him into the house, and a big man picked him up
 between his finger and thumb and said he was not dead but half
 choked. So they wrapped him in cotton wool, and warmed him over a
 little fire, and he opened his eyes and sneezed.
 @~154
 "Now," said the big man (he was an Englishman who had just
 moved into the bungalow), "don't frighten him, and we'll see what
 he'll do."

FIG. 15A

~154

It is the hardest thing in the world to frighten a mongoose, because he is eaten up from nose to tail with curiosity. The motto of all the mongoose family is "Run and find out," and Rikki-tikki was a true mongoose. He looked at the cotton wool, decided that it was not good to eat, ran all round the table, sat up and put his fur in order, scratched himself, and jumped on the small boy's shoulder.

~154

#~150c

"Don't be frightened, Teddy," said his father. "That's his way of making friends."

~154

"Ouch! He's tickling under my chin," said Teddy.

~154

Rikki-tikki looked down between the boy's collar and neck, snuffed at his ear, and climbed down to the floor, where he sat rubbing his nose.

~154

"Good gracious," said Teddy's mother, "and that's a wild creature! I suppose he's so tame because we've been kind to him."

~154

"All mongooses are like that," said her husband. "If Teddy doesn't pick him up by the tail, or try to put him in a cage, he'll run in and out of the house all day long. Let's give him something to eat."

~154

They gave him a little piece of raw meat. Rikki-tikki liked it immensely, and when it was finished he went out into the veranda and sat in the sunshine and fluffed up his fur to make it dry to the roots. Then he felt better.

~154

"There are more things to find out about in this house," he said to himself, "than all my family could find out in all their lives. I shall certainly stay and find out."

~154

He spent all that day roaming over the house. He nearly drowned himself in the bath-tubs, put his nose into the ink on a writing table, and burned it on the end of the big man's cigar, for he climbed up in the big man's lap to see how writing was done. At nightfall he ran into Teddy's nursery to watch how kerosene lamps were lighted, and when Teddy went to bed Rikki-tikki climbed up too. But he was a restless companion, because he had to get up and attend to every noise all through the night, and find out what made it. Teddy's mother and father came in, the last thing, to look at their boy, and Rikki-tikki was awake on the pillow. "I don't like that," said Teddy's mother. "He may bite the child." "He'll do no such thing," said the father. "Teddy's safer with that little beast than if he had a bloodhound to watch him. If a snake came into the nursery now--"

~154

#~156d

But Teddy's mother wouldn't think of anything so awful.

~154

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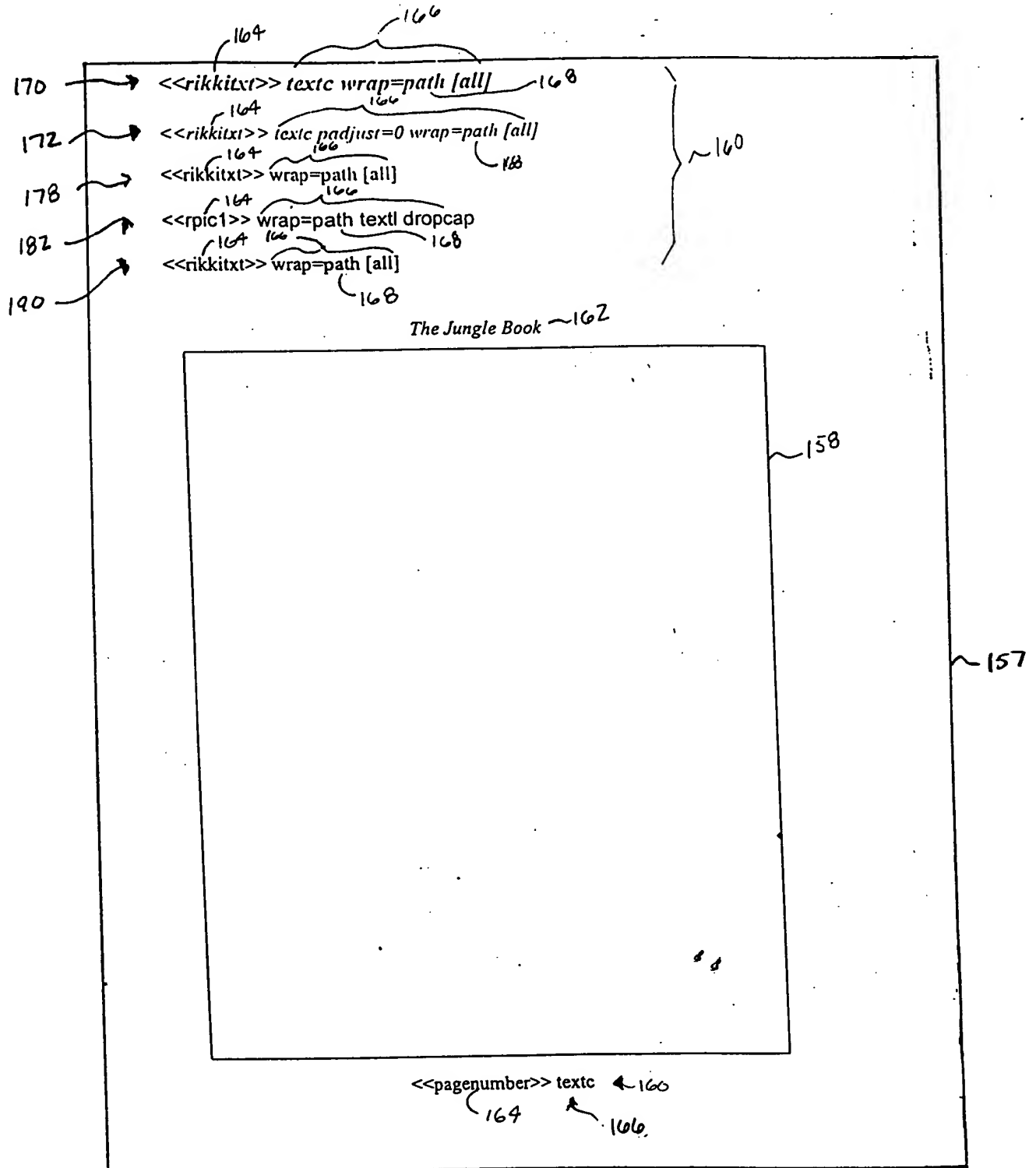


FIG. 16

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Rikki-Tikki-Tavi 172

At the hole where he went in
 Red-Eye called to Wrinkle-Skin.
 Hear what little Red-Eye saith:
 "Nag, come up and dance with death!"

138 { Eye to eye and head to head,
 (Keep the measure, Nag.)
 This shall end when one is dead;
 (At thy pleasure, Nag.)
 Turn for turn and twist for twist--
 (Run and hide thee, Nag.)
 Hah! The hooded Death has missed!
 (Woe betide thee, Nag!) 174

130 { This is the story of the great war that Rikki-tikki-tavi
 fought single-handed, through the bath-rooms of the big
 bungalow in Segowlee cantonment. Darzee, the
 Tailorbird, helped him, and Chuchundra, the musk-rat,
 who never comes out into the middle of the floor, but
 always creeps round by the wall, gave him advice, but
 Rikki-tikki did the real fighting. 180

The Jungle Book

He was a mongoose, rather like a little cat in his fur and his tail, but quite like a weasel in his head and his habits. His eyes and the end of his restless nose were pink. He could scratch himself anywhere he pleased with any leg, front or back, that he chose to use. He could fluff up his tail till it looked like a bottle brush, and his war cry as he scuttled through the long grass was:

"Rikk-tikk-tikki-tikki-tchk!"

One day, a high summer flood washed him out of the burrow where he lived with his father and mother, and carried him, kicking and clucking, down a roadside ditch. He found a little wisp of grass floating there, and clung to it till he lost his senses. When he revived, he was lying in the hot sun on the middle of a garden path, very dragged indeed, and a small boy was saying, "Here's a dead mongoose. Let's have a funeral."

"No," said his mother, "let's take him in and dry him. Perhaps he isn't really dead."

They took him into the house, and a big man picked him up between his finger and thumb and said he was not dead but half choked. So they wrapped him in cotton wool, and warmed him over a little fire, and he opened his eyes and sneezed.

"Now," said the big man (he was an Englishman who had just moved into the bungalow), "don't frighten him, and we'll see what he'll do."

The Jungle Book

It is the hardest thing in the world to frighten a mongoose, because he is eaten up from nose to tail with curiosity. The motto of all the mongoose family is "Run and find out," and Rikki-tikki was a true mongoose. He looked at the cotton wool, decided that it was not good to eat, ran all round the table, sat up and put his fur in order, scratched himself, and jumped on the small boy's shoulder.



"Don't be frightened, Ranen," said his father. "That's his way of making friends."

"Ouch! He's tickling under my chin," said Ranen.

Rikki-tikki looked down between the boy's collar and neck, snuffed at his ear, and climbed down to the floor, where he sat rubbing his nose.

"Good gracious," said Ranen's mother, "and that's a wild creature! I suppose he's so tame because we've been kind to him."

"All mongooses are like that," said her husband. "If Ranen doesn't pick him up by the tail, or try to put him in a cage, he'll run in and out of the house all day long. Let's

The Jungle Book

Rikki-Tikki-Tavi

*At the hole where he went in
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Hear what little Red-Eye saith:
"Nag, come up and dance with death!"*

*Eye to eye and head to head,
(Keep the measure, Nag.)
This shall end when one is dead;
(At thy pleasure, Nag.)
Turn for turn and twist for twist—
(Run and hide thee, Nag.)
Hah! The hooded Death has missed!
(Woe betide thee, Nag!)*

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